Scandalum Magnatum;

OR,

The GENERAL wrong'

With Indignation let my Muſe exclaim
Againſt the *Pamphleteers*, that now proclaim
Falſe Calumnies againſt this Noble Peer,
Whoſe Reputation is ſo very clear;
That nothing yet againſt him did appear.
His antient Titles, and his noble Race,
Will ſcreen him from a Popular Diſgrace.
Ungrateful *BRITAINS!* can you thus accuſe
A Man of Honour, and his Name abuſe?
Whoſe faithful Services, without Reward,
Deſerve your Favour and your juſt Regard.
Inſtead of Preſents which he might expect,
You've taken Methods lately to inſpect
His clear Accounts, ſome Frauds for to detect.
Wherein Commiſſioners you did appoint,
That would accuſe him if he were a Saint,
Whoſe lame Reports can't vilifie his Name,
For *His Character* will be ſtill the ſame.
While *other Generals* betray their *Truſt*,
This *honeſt Prince* to *Britain* has been juſt.
He took no Bribes, but liv'd upon his Pay,
While of the Nation they have made a Prey.
His pious Mind deſpiſes ill-got Gain,
The faireſt Plunder he did not detain.
His empty Coffers ſhew he did not ſpare,
But ſpent his own, to carry on the War.
With no Deſign but Serving of the Q——n,
In private Services, that now are ſeen.
While griping Generals the Army cheat
Of Pay, and Amunition Bread and Meat,
His lib'ral Hand their Hunger did ſupply;
This Truth Sir *Solomon* cannot deny.
While former Favourites grew rich and great
They were ambitious for a Royal Seat,
And ſtately Fabrick on ſome Forreſt Ground,
Or near the Court, where Royal Land was found,
But his great Modeſty did never yield
Royal Land, or Publick Coſt, to build.
State Ambition, or ſiniſter Ends,
Id e're corrupt him to deſert his Friends.
By Treachery and Luſt he did not riſe
To Wealth, and Honours, in theſe latter da
A certain Ducheſs that to him was kind,
No baſe Ingratitude from him did find.
No K— or Maſter was by him undone,
Nor Q— inſulted on the *Britiſh* Throne.
This Prince refus'd to make the War a Trad
When advantagious Offers have been made.

Reſtore this injur'd General again,
Or you'l be quite undone the next Campaig
Reſtore his Princes to her former Poſt,
And thus you'l ſave unneceſſary Coſt.
Reſtore *Godolphin* to the Management,
He'll act again without Imbezzlement.
They will be Frugal as they were before;
They'll ſpend their own, and ſpare the Pub
(lick Store
Reſtore the Crew that did on them depend;
For they the Q— and C—h will beſt de-
(fend;
Thus all our preſent Miſeries will end.
'Tis they alone that can Recover *Spain*,
The *Conſtitution* and our *Laws* maintain,
And make the Nation flouriſh once again.
The falſe *Examiner* deſerves the hate
Of all true Lovers of the C——h and S——te,
For late Reflecting on this noble Prince
About his Perquiſite of ſome few Pence,
Or muſty Loaves, of little conſequence.
Lyſander ſhew'd himſelf a Parafite,
Or knew not what to call a *Perquiſite*.
His Augmentation to the Sailors Pay,
Was Oſtentation, as ſome Authors ſay.
Deſigning Men love popular Eſteem,
Lyſander probably was one of them.
When riſing Men have deep deſigns in view
They act prodigious Things, both ſtrange and new;
But none of this alludes (good Prince) to You.

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